PLYMOUTH WEEKLY BANNER.

A Family Newspaper---Devoted to Education, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets, General Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic News.

VOL. 4.—NO. 39.] PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1855. [WHOLE NO. 195.

THE BANNER

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
(Up stairs, in the Old Plymouth Hotel,)
BY WM. J. BURNS.

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If paid in advance, - - - - - - - - - $1 50
At the end of six months, - - - - - - 2 00
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EDITH SOMERS,
OR THE BROKEN HEART.

BY MABEL S——.

'Oh, dear, sighed the gay belle, Marion Wilmot, as she tossed aside the magazine she had been reading. 'It's very well to talk about broken hearts, pure love, and such things on paper, but they are things that I believe never existed in real life; do you, Carrie Everett?'

'Why, Marion' replied the one addressed, a fair young girl, of some sixteen summers, whose mild blue eyes, sunny curls, and happy smiles were loved and praised by all, 'do you not think there are many, very many, who love as truly as any hero or heroine of a love story?—I think there is as much true love in the world as any poet ever dreamed, or romance writer ever fancied.'

'Well, I suppose I will have to think so too, especially since you advocate it so earnestly,' returned Marion, with a careless laugh, 'but what says our queenly Edith?' she added, as a tall, graceful girl was about to speak.

'Merely,' replied the other, 'that there may be such things as love, or broken hearts, and you uninformed on the subject,'

'Perhaps so, 'Marion answered, 'be kind enough to enlighten me farther, for I must confess to ignorance; and I presume Miss Edith Somers knows 'by experience,' she added with a scornful smile.

The color flushed one instant over Edith's cheek and brow, and then receded leaving her as pale as before.

Some one addressing a remark to Marion at this moment, saved her the necessity of replying, and the subject was dropped, and the remainder of the day passed off pleasantly.

Marion Wilmot was the only child of wealthy parents, who idolized her and indulged her in every whim and caprice. They were the wealthiest people in the village, and Marion evidently felt her importance. Wealthy and beautiful, she had plenty of admirers, attracted by a large fortune; but she was a most selfish, heartless coquette, and was generally disliked by those of her own sex. No word than the one she used could better describe Edith Somers. Queenly, indeed, she was, and far superior to Marion in beauty and accomplishments. Bands of glossy, dark brown hair, dark, soul-lit eyes, a brow on which the seal of intellect was set, an exquisitely chiseled mouth, a graceful form, and somewhat haughty carriage, were the admiration of all in the village of Weston. Her cousin, Carrie Everett, with whom she was spending the summer, was the reverse. Her's was a delicate, fragile form, over which the winds must not sweep too rudely. Fairy-like in step and motion, a sweet smile dimpling her rosy cheeks, and love-light looking out of her large blue eyes, she seemed just fitted to dwell in the midst of sunshine, the music of birds and the fragrance of flowers. Loving and gentle herself, she wondered at Marion's want of faith in that holy and eternal truth—love. To Edith, who was some years her senior, she looked up with affection amounting almost to reverence, while she in turn deeply loved her 'sweet cousin Carrie.'

Edith's parents had been wealthy in the days of her sunny childhood, but the Almighty Disposer took first her gentle mother, and soon after her indulgent father away from the world. With the death angel came poverty's blighting shadow, and before Edith had completed her seventeenth year, she was penniless, and an orphan. She found a home with her mother's only brother, who resided in her native village, B——. All her wants were kindly provided for; but she was not happy. Poor Edith! her's was deepest sorrow; but after one wild burst of anguish, all outward demonstration ceased, and with a subdued and chastened spirit, she bent in resignation to her Father's will.

Turning to her hitherto neglected Bible, she found in its inspired pages the consolation she longed for, and the 'priceless pearl,' which only was needed to make her character lovely. Henceforth the name of Jesus became like music to her ear, and her closet a more delightful place than the gilded saloon of fashion. For there she spent some of her happiest moments, even in her sunny life she had ever known; and there she went when clouds were darkest, thence emerging with a happier, serener smile, while her star of hope was shining into her trusting soul.

Her gay friend laughed for a while at the change which had come over Edith, but finding that she was as polite and as kind, and far less haughty, they began to admire the change they had so wondered at. Her pride was not at all eradicated, and many a fierce and bitter struggle did it cost her, when, not willing to be a dependant on her uncle's bounty; she turned her talents and accomplishments to account.

She was a proficient in music, and the instruction she gave to a few young ladies afforded her enough for even some luxuries and the calls of charity. Then was her christian character put to a severe test, for her former companions learned, one by one, to look coldly on her they had admired, and to avoid, as their 'sister's music teacher" the once belle of B——; and the crowd of admirers also left her, for, her wealth was gone, she was no longer to be sought in marriage by brainless fops and fortune seekers.

She bore it bravely and well, though her pride suffered many a pang. Alas! that pride should dwell on this fair earth, marring all that is good and lovely. No one would have thought that the queenly Edith, with her patient, happy smiles, bore on through life a broken heart—broken, too by her own folly and pride, before death came to wring her heart again.

Two or three years had passed since her parents were laid in the grave, and Edith accepted the invitation of her father's brother, Charles Everett, who resided at Weston, in Central New York, to pass the summer at his home with his daughter Carrie.

It was a delightful afternoon, when summer had ripened into autumn, that a small party of friends had gathered by Carrie's invitation, and were spending the afternoon at Mr. Everett's, when the conversation between Marion and Edith took place.

There could be no friendship between them, for Marion was too thoroughly selfish to love, or be loved. She admired Edith, but envied her the good opinion of nearly all the village, and consequently disliked her unintentional rival.

The cousins were alone in their own room that night as they retired to rest. Edith was sitting in deep thought, her head resting on her hand, when Carrie, drawing a low footstool to her side, entwined her arms around her neck. Pressing her lips to Edith's cheek, she softly murmured:

'Why are you so sober to-night, cousin?'

'I was thinking of the past, dear Carrie,' returned Edith.

'Cousin Edith,' spoke Carrie, after a short pause. 'I want to ask you something.'

'What is it, dearest?'

'Well,' said she, speaking slow and tremblingly, for she was fearful she was venturing too far, 'Why did you color so when Marion was speaking of broken hearts this afternoon? The heartless flirt,' said Carrie, warmly. 'I think—'

Carrie looked up; Edith's face was deadly pale, and the hand she held was trembling violently, although she undertook to check her agitation.

'Edith, dear Edith, forgive me; I did not intend to hurt your feelings; indeed I did not;' and Carrie wound her arms around her, and mingled her tears with Edith's which were flowing now.

They sat a little while thus, when she brushed away her tears, and smiling faintly, said—

'I am foolish, Carrie, but I could not help it. I will tell you—'

'Oh, no, no,' interrupted Carrie, it was wrong in me to ask

'Yes, I will tell you cousin; and you may profit by my *experience*, as Marion Wilmot said. You believe in love, that eternal beautiful principle, ever enduring So do I; but you may never believe in broken hearts, too, my Carrie.'

Carrie listened in breathless silence, as Edith continued,

'Among my companions I loved in early childhood, I remember one dearer than all others. Together hand in hand we roamed through the dim old woods in search of May blossoms through the flowry fields, by the pebbly streamlet where the blue-eyed violets lay hidden in the thick grass blades, and the birds sang in the willow branches above us. Oh! they were happy, golden days then. How many dark ones have I seen since.

One day, in a childish gambol, I fell into the little stream. The water was not deep, but I was very much frightened, and it was with some difficulty my companion helped me out, then with beating hearts we proceeded homeward. My mother was as much frightened as I had been; and, after a burst of tears, I told her how it happened, and that my playmate assisted me out. She kindly praised him for it, and while assisting me to change my wet clothing, gently advised me not to go near the stream again. This request however, like many others, was soon forgotten, and many an hour we have spent there at play.

'Dear, noble, generous hearted Henry Weldon; how I loved him. He was almost my only playmate and companion in childhood. We attended the same school, pursued the same studies, in short shared everything with each other, until he attained his sixteenth year, when a friend of his deceased father offered to fit him for college. Henry accepted the offer, and spent nearly a year with him; when he returned to bid us farewell, ere he entered college.

'How well I remember that parting, when he told me of his plans. He would study so hard to win fame, to honor his mother's only son, and wealth to smoothe her rugged pathway. I know now more of his hopes than he confided to me then. I can see him now, as he stood there with his brown wavy curls tossed back from his white forehead, and his dark eyes filled with tears that he must part with 'dear Edith.' He was but seventeen, yet with a man's stature, and a manly courage in his heart. I but thirteen, yet as tall as now; and we parted with the confiding trust and reiterated vow of older lovers. Poor Henry! he dreamed not that his cherished hopes were so soon to be blighted by a single word.

'Harry visited his native village but once ere he completed his college course, and then to follow his mother to the grave. He had no other relative in our village, and I saw him not again until four years had passed.

'It was at the close of the day in early spring time, when preparing for a party, I was summoned to the parlor,

'A gentleman—an old friend wished to see me. I went down, it must be confessed, a little angry at being interrupted in my preparations, and in no amiable mood. When I entered the parlor, little thinking who I would meet, the visitor rose and came forward at my entrance. It was Harry; I startled slightly, but concealing my agitation, I gave him my hand coldly, in reply to his warm expressions of delight. He seemed surprised and questioned the cause of the change. I answered haughtily. All that passed during that interview I do not remember; but that in reply to Harry's twice repeated declaration of love, I answered coldly that I did not think a childish attachment lasting, I had scarcely thought of him, or, if at all, it was with the calm feeling of friendship. I had nothing more to give. 'But Edith,' began Harry. Hastily interrupting him, I said: 'If you would retain that friendship mention not that subject again;' and rising, I motioned him from the room.

Never shall I forget the look he gave me; it will haunt me to the grave, so full of hopeless anguish and silent suffering was it. And, as I listened to his slow and haughty trad as he closed the door, I felt I had wronged a noble heart, and throwing myself on the sofa wept long and bitterly. How I longed to take back the proud, cruel words, but pride forbade, for I was an heiress, and a selfish coquette; and more than one princely fortune was at my acceptance, and I preferred the gilded baubles to the wealth of true affection.

'But soon after this my father died, and those who had flattered and carressed me in prosperity, suddenly failed to recognise me. The suitors for my hand grew strangely cold, now that my fortune was gone, and I was alone in the world, with nothing but my Bible to look to for sympathy. There I have never failed to find consolation in the darkest hour. Such is the history of a broken heart.'

Edith ceased; and covering her face with her hands, sat evidently struggling with emotion.

'And Harry,' said Carry, wiping away the tears.

'I never saw him again nor do I know what become of him. In God's good time we will meet again, but see, Carrie darling, it is nearly midnight. Let us seek our pillow.'

Carie's good night kiss was tenderer than usual that night. When her regular breathing told that she was sleeping, Edith, from whom the revived memory of her sad 'long ago,' had chased away sleep, Death's 'beautiful brother,' arose, walked to the window, and looked out upon the clear summer night. The moon was shining calmly, sweetly eastward, falling in silvery softness through the thick leaves, over the velvet turf, and the closed flower cups.

As she stood there, her arms folded, and her fevered brow pressed against the cool glass, her soul drank in the solemn stillness of the noon of night; and, with her heart filled by a sense of the divine love, her agitation calmed, she returned to her pillow.

* * * * * *

'Oh, Carrie! have you heard of the new arrival in our village?' said the lovely Annie Dalton, a few weeks later.

'No, who is it?'

'Why, no less than the elegant and wealthy Mr. Walshingham, just from New York, and lately from traveling in Europe. He is very handsome, and all Weston is trying to attract the notice of the distinguished stranger. Marion Wilmot is to give a party to-morrow evening, that she may be the first in his good graces. I suppose we will have to don our sweetest smiles, Carrie, if we would secure but one look;' and the gay girl burst into a merry laugh.

'What is all this about?' said Edith, as she entered.

'Oh, Edith, do set your cap, immediately!'

'Why, I would like to know,' said she, laughing.

'Well, listen, 'ladye faire,' and I'll tell thee.'

And Annie gave a lively description of the new comer.

* * * * * *

It was evening. A clear, bright October evening. The wind rustled through the trees with a sad, musical tone, and the sky was clear and blue, while far up the stars were shining. A gay and brilliant party was gathered at the house of Mr. Wilmot. Marion had given this party purposely to attract the distinguished stranger, Mr. Walshingham. It was well attended; for though she was disliked, yet many went to enjoy the splendid parties she gave, and to see their friends.

Carrie Everett, her friend, Annie Dalton, and Edith Somers, were there.—Edith had only gone at Carrie's earnest solicitation, and to accompany her. She never looked more radiantly beautiful, although very simply dressed, as was her custom. Her robe of soft, snowy muslin was fastened at the throat by a superb diamond pin, her father's last gift, and a few flowers twined with her dark braids, were the only ornaments she wore. Carrie looked sweetly, too, in a robe of pale blue silk, and her white neck and arms encircling by pearls.

They were quietly conversing in a corner with some gentlemen, among them the talented lawyer of the village, Arthur Norton, who seemed to have taken a wonderful fancy to gentle Carrie; when Marion approached, leaning on a gentleman's arm, whom she introduced as Mr. Walshingham.

Edith started slightly, so strongly did he remind her of the past. He was tall and graceful; high forehead, from which the raven curls were tossed carelessly back; eyes dark as his hair, flashing at times with a stern fiery spirit, and again gentle and soft in their expression, as to scarcely seem in keeping with the firm fair lines about his mouth.

A heavy moustache, and complexion bronzed by wind and sun in his travels, together with a slightly foreign air and accent, made him look decidedly distinguished. No wonder that half a dozen young hearts throbbed quicker beneath their silken coverings, or that fair lips wreathed in smiles, and cheeks flushed in the hope to win a look or smile from the stranger.

Edith's heart was throbbing, too, but from a different cause; for he strangely awakened buried images of loved ones.—How or why she could not define. This was soon forgotten, however, when the music struck up a livelier air, and all hastened to join in the dance except Edith, for she did not dance now, and Mr. Walshingham, who preferred remaining with her. They were soon talking as if they had known each other for years, and Edith forgot her sadness, and thought time never flew so swiftly. Her companion was talented and fascinating; had traveled in lands of which Edith had dreamed and longed to visit; had seen authors over whose pages she had wept and smiled, and poets whose works were familiar and dear to her. No wonder, then, that time sped swiftly and pleasantly on, until Carrie came for her to go home.—Edith readily assented, surprised at the lateness of the hour. Marion argued them to stay longer, but Edith never staid late at parties, and Marion was very much chagrined when she saw young Morton and Mr. Walshingham preparing to go with them. They parted, after a pleasant walk, at Mr. Everett's gate, mutually pleased.

Edith and Walshingham met often in the few succeeding weeks, but never without being confirmed in the good opinion each entertained of the other. There was a new light in Edith's eyes, the sad look was fast disappearing; her lips were oftener parted in a smile, and she was becoming more like the joyous, light hearted Edith of old; yet, when Carrie rallied her upon the change, and its cause, she would shake her head sadly, while the color deepened upon her cheek.

It was a clear cool autumnal day.—The day before Edith was to go away from Weston to her home in B——. Carrie had gone to visit a sick friend, and Edith was alone in the parlor. She was sitting by a window, gazing out upon the dying beauties of her happy childhood and sunny youth, and in them all figured largely the form of Henry Weldon. And at the thought of him, tears started to her eyes. They were yet there when Walshingham entered. After the usual salutation, he said—

'You look sad this evening, Miss Somers. May I enquire the cause?' he added gently.

'Do I?' answered Edith, smiling; perhaps so; I have had sad thoughts.'

'And will I venture too far if I question of their subject,' he again argued.

'I was thinking of the past—my past,' she said, musingly, in a low tone, her eyes seeking the floor.

'And were there no thoughts of *me*, mingled with those of 'long ago?' Edith looked up; he was smiling a peculiar smile, a strange, vague feeling of wonder and doubt came over her.

'Edith, my own dear Edith, do you not know me? Do you not remember me, Harry Weldon? Have I so changed, or have you entirely forgotten me?'

Edith could not speak, for there was a choking sensation in her throat, and her eyes were filling with blinding tears.—Rising, she threw herself upon his breast, murmuring amid her sobs—

'Oh! Harry, Harry, can you forgive me?'

'Forgive you, dearest? I have ever forgiven you,' he added, pressing his lips to her brow. 'And now, Edith, will you take back those cruel words that wrung my heart so wildly?'

It needed no words to assure him that she had long ago taken back all, for heart was beating against heart, and they told their own true story, and they were friends again. And Edith, no words can express her happiness. When Carrie returned she told her all, and her affectionate sympathy added to her delight.

When Edith questioned her lover concerning his life since they parted, he told her how, soon after their last meeting, his mother's only brother, who had accumulated a fortune in India, died, and left nearly the whole of his vast wealth to him, with the simple condition that he would take with it his name, Henry Walshingham. Since then he had spent his time in traveling; but having vainly endeavored to efface her memory, he was returning to seek some trace of her.

And Edith told him of her clouded life—of her sorrow of the haughty rejection—of the love she had cherished for him, and the trials she had endured; and he clasped her in his arms, vowing to protect her from every storm, dwelling in the light and joy of each other's love, until the death-angel came to take them away to that better inheritance that fadeth not.—And their hearts were thankful for the gift of this beautiful sanctifying love; for the cloud that obscured it, by which they were both led to look to their Savior's love. And they petitioned to be kept from sin and pride, that they might not love the creature more than the Creator.

That night, when Edith retired to her room, she stood long gazing out into the moon-light with her heart filled with a deeper sense of God's goodness and love.

A few months later, Edith and Walshingham were quietly married in uncle's little parlor in B——. But few friends were present at the ceremony. Carrie twined the white rose-buds with the dark glossy braids of Edith, and whispered, as she kissed her cheek—

'You are beautiful, cousin, and so happy that I almost envy you.'

'Never mind, darling,' said Edith, as she returned the caress, 'You will be as happy yourself one day. May no clouds o'ershadow your pathway till then, my Carrie,' she added, as Harry came and took the hand he was about to receive as a life-gift.

'My beautiful Edith—my wife,' he whispered thrillingly, as they entered the parlor. And when she raised her eyes to his in trusting faith as she pronounced the vows that bound her to him forever, all present thought they had never seen a lovelier bride.

When the spring time came they started for Europe, on their bridal tour, but not until they had been present at another wedding. For Arthur Norton discovered that sweet Carrie Everett was a jewel worth possessing, and he resolved to win and wear her forever. So he and his gentle bride accompanied them to the 'Old World,' whence they returned to settle in Weston.

A happy life has since been theirs, although sometimes clouded—and whose is not? And they are journeying on through life, striving for a purer, nobler faith, and a hope of a brighter home through the Atonement.

Patent Alarm Beds.

A LADY AND GENTLEMAN IN A PECULIARLY PERPLEXING PREDICAMENT.—Those who have visited the fair at the Crystal Palace, says the N. Y. Morning News, must have noticed the patent alarm bed—a Down East invention. The purpose of these beds is to prevent a person from oversleeping himself, for if he does not awake at the time the alarm is sounded the machinery operates in such a manner as to chuck him out upon the floor, much to his astonishment. For instance, when a person wishes to retire to bed, he winds up an alarm clock attached to the bed, and sets it at the hour he wishes to get up. At the appointed hour the alarm sounds, and, if the sleeper is awakened, he may rise; but, if he does not awake, the machinery of the clock, operating on a lever, upsets the bed frame, and the occupant is tilted out upon the floor. The bed is worthy of inspection of heads of families who have the care of sluggards and sleepy heads.

We have a good story to tell in connection with one of these beds, says the Uncle Sam, a 'Bosting' paper. A friend of ours recently got married to a lovely and interesting young woman. In the house of the bride's father, where the wedding took place, one of the 'alarm beds' had just previously been introduced. The wedding party was very grand, fashionable, and everything went off with the utmost merriment—the entertainment being of the most generous kind. At length, the feastings over, and the hour of midnight passed, the guests began to retire, and the lights to grow dim in the house. The 'old folks' hinted gently about sleep, and the bride and her lord grew weary and impatient. It was easily seen that they wished to be alone, and the lady was accordingly escorted to her chamber, to which blissful heaven the blushing bridegroom soon followed her.

We will not attempt to draw a picture of what ensued, but suffice it to say that when the interesting pair were in the midst of one of their most interesting tete-a-tetes, a click-click was heard, and the astonished couple, the next instant, found themselves launched upon the floor in the middle of the room, fast locked in each others arms, holding on like good fellows, in momentary expectation of an earthquake. They survived the shock, however. The fact of it was, the 'alarm bed' had been assigned them for their nuptial couch, and the bride's youngest brother, the mischievous devil, Tom, had taken the liberty to set the alarm at what he said he thought would be the 'auspicious hour.' He got his ears boxed the next morning, and our friend J. M. E. has been suspicious of alarm beds ever since.

How sad, yet how interesting is the following brief, extract which we make from the letter of a friend in New England, concerning one near to us by the ties of kindred:

"F—— H——, and his wife are both lying in the room where less than two years since they were married,—both of them fatally ill with consumption, and unable to rise from their beds. They exchange pleasant smiles across the room, and in feeble accents talk together of that better land which in a few weeks they will both behold. Perhaps it may be said of them soon in the language of the Bible.—'They were lovely in their lives, and in their death were not divided.' What happier fate could be desired than thus to enter the eternal world hand in hand with the one most beloved?"

Albany Register.

A Noble Example.

Many years ago in an obscure country school in Massachusetts, an humble, conscientious boy was to be seen; and it was evident to all that his mind was beginning to act and thirst for some intellectual good. He was alive to knowledge. Next we see him put forth on foot and settle in a remote town in that State, and pursue his fortunes as a shoemaker, his tools being carefully sent on before him. In a short time he is in business in the post of county surveyor for Litchfield county, being the most accomplished mathematician in that section of the State. Before he is twenty-five years of age, we find him supplying astronomical matter of an almanac in New York.—Next he is admitted to the bar, a self fitted lawyer. He is found on the bench of the Supreme Court. Next he becomes a member of the Continental Congress.—He is a member of the committee of 6 to form the declaration of Independence.—He continued a member of Congress for nearly twenty years, and was acknowledged to be one of the most useful men and wisest councellors of the land. At length discharged every office with a perfect ability, and honored in his sphere the name of a christian, he died regretted by his State and nation.

This Man was Roger Sherman. We take particular satisfaction now and then, in chronicling the career of the self-made men; and holding them up as bright examples for the youth of our time to follow. It is the best journalists can perform for the rising generation.

A Romantic Incident at Sevastopol.

A soldier who was present at the capture of Sevastopol relates the following romantic incident:

A party of our men, belonging to different regiments, were parolling from house to house in search of plunder. In one of the houses they came across a beautiful young female, about 17 or 18 years of age. Of course some ignorance was shown by some of our party, who commenced dragging her about, and evidently would have used violence on her, had not a young man, belonging to the 18th, taken a musket and threatened to blow the first man's brains out that laid a finger upon her; whereupon the young woman flew to this man, and clung to him for protection. She followed him all the way back to the camp; when they got in sight of the camp, he beckoned her to return—but no, she would not go. Whether she had fallen in love with him at first sight I don't know, but she came with him. As soon as he got there he was instantly confined for being absent when the regiment was under arms. She followed him to the guard tent, and cried after him. The Colonel of his regiment, seeing the affection she bore, released him and sent them both to General Harris, where an interpreter was got and she related the whole affair to them: It turned out that she was a general's daughter, with some thousands. She was beautifully attired, and carried a gold watch and wore a set of bracelets of immense value. The young man is now about to be married to her, She will not leave him for a moment on any account whatever; and if he is not a lucky dog, I do not know who is.

MISTAKEN IN THE ARTICLE.—The Mountain *Democrat* tells a good story of a poor Indian, who stepped into a grocery store in Placerville, and made himself at home by the side of an empty barrel of tar, which he mistook for molasses. He had in his hand a loaf of bread, for which he had paid his last quarter, and as soon as the clerk's back was turned upon him, he dipped it into the barrel, thoroughly coating it with the liquid, and took a hasty leave. When around the corner of the street, he stoped to take breath and enjoy his prize. He took up one mouthfull, which he hastily spit, out, and throwing the loaf away, struck a trot for home, having lost his loaf of bread by making a "slight mistake."

The kissing stories, of which we have recently given several, seem to beget more. A gentleman in Richmond, Virginia, writes to us that in the beautiful village of Lexington, in the valley of Virginia, a young gent having devoted himself to the special entertainment of a company of pretty girls for a whole evening, demanding payment, in kisses, when one of them instantly replied: 'Certainly, Sir, present your *bill.*?"

A sailor was called upon the stand as a witness.

'Well, said the lawyer, 'do you know the plaintiff and defendant?'

'I don't know the drift of them words, replied the sailor,

'What! not know the meaning of plaintiff and defendant,' continued the lawyer; 'a pretty fellow you to come here as a witness. Can you tell me where on board the ship it was that man struck the other one?'

'Abaft the binnacle,' replied the sailor.

'Abaft the binnacle!' continued the lawyer, 'what do you mean by that?'

'A pretty fellow you,' responded the sailor, 'to come here as a lawyer, and not know what binnacle means!'

What fools some men are, to worry because they are not as rich as that fellow across the street. The richest man in town will be forgotten in fifty years from now, as the mason who built the Rocky Mountains. In 1843 we attended the funeral of a millionare. We visited his grave yesterday, and what do you suppose we saw—four bob-tailed pigs rooting the subsoil from his grave. And that was the end of all his influence—a neglected grave—with four stub-tailed pigs rooting up the sub-soil. So passes the glory of the world.—*Exchange.*

AN HOUR A DAY.—Andrew Johnson, the present re-elected Governor of Tennessee, at the age of thirty was a journeyman tailor, 'and could neither read nor write.' Sensible of his ignorance, he made his wife read to him while he was at work and she at leisure—and one hour each day she taught him his letters and the use of the pen. He constantly improved his one hour a day, although very poor and illy able to spare the time; and a little over two years ago, and at the age of forty, he was made Governor of Tennessee by a large majority.

Two Irish foot-pads coming on the National road, saw a mile-stone which read '208 miles from Cumberland.' After decyphering the letters, one says to the other, 'Tread lightly Mike, that's an auld fellow, 208 years auld and his name is Miles from Cumberland.'